

Average Insha KCPE 2008

When we arrived in school at 3 o'clock from the standard eight educational tour, we were surprised to find the other pupils on parade and you could tell from their faces that there was something amaze. We walked stealthily toward the assembly spot as strings of endless questions rang into our mind. Mind-boggling questions bombarded our already heat-soaked brains. "What could the matter be?" We wondered. We asked our fellow pupils what it was but our pleas fell on deaf ears. Curiosity was occupying the better part of me forgetting that Curiosity killed the cat.

There was a total pin drop silence as if everything had be commanded to freeze. I could not hear either the shuffling of feet or the chirping of birds. The place was as silent as a deserted cemetery with exception of hooting owls. Our school was too small to sustain the large number of pupils. In a twinkle of an eye, the head teacher marched in front as she calculated her steps, her long yellow silk dress swept the ground and her hips swayed from left to right.

In a fraction of a second, she cleared her throat noisily and said "Today I have a good and a bad news, the good news is that our Minister for Education has given us a larger school elsewhere." Bangs of happiness surged through us. Many questions remained an unanswered but the fact was that

God had blessed us with it.

"The minister is also coming here to break out the good news and he has decided also to come and participate in our school prize giving day." The prize giving day was at the end of the term. We paid maximum attention as we waited patiently and calmly.

"The bad news is that we are leaving our old school to a new school and as you all know Old is gold." She said as she smiled broadly. I could see that she was fighting back tears of joy.

We could not hold back the joy that bubbled inside us and we burst out into fresh floods of tears that rolled down our rosy cheeks like river that had broken its banks. The dice had been cast we would not blink we were ready to bite the bullet and finally decided that we should go to our new school.

There was no good reason as to why we should stay in such a small school.

There was joy and excitement everywhere. Immediately we danced jig saw for the world to see as our hearts melted with joy like butter exposed to direct sunlight. No wonder wonders will never cease. We are leaving our old small school to a bigger beautiful one. Truly no condition is permanent in this world.

The plot is well built. The take off from the input sentence is good and the candidate has some ambition and shows signs of wide reading. A number of idioms are used well and the story is readable and credible. Although there are still errors, even of spelling, they do not impede the flow of the story - i.e. fluency.

Marks awarded 23